

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

No. 252

Official Organ of the Australasian Socialist Party.

SYDNEY: JANUARY 20th. 1917

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

Price: One Penny

CAPITALIST BUNK.

(By James J. Montague, in the "New York American.")

"I Smithers got drunk in Nevada one night. The bartenders turned him out cold, so he slept on the mountain, and when it was light,

Discovered a ledge full of gold. And now he distributes advice to young men. "You can all be successes," says he, "If you never will shirk hard and wearisome work. Just look where great effort put me!"

John Waffles was left fifty millions in cash. All tied safely up in a trust. And though his own flyers went always to smash,

He took on a marvellous crust. He lectures to youth on the way to succeed. "The plodder will prosper," says he. "Just plain perseverance is all that you need. To make you a rich man, like me."

Jack Duckett went south with the funds of a bank.

But covered his tracks when he fitted. And, when the police brought him back with a yank,

Was promptly and deftly acquitted. And now he goes round giving youngsters advice:

"All men may have riches," says he. "Just unflagging honesty, that will suffice. To pile up a fortune, like me."

THE Passing Show.

The authorities have arranged that the ball at the observatory tower shall fall at one o'clock according to their own fake time, and the gun on Denison Island will be fired at the same time; nevertheless, the "International Socialist" is in a position to deny the rumor that the sun dial in the Botanic Gardens is to be placed on a revolving pedestal so as to point to one o'clock when the sun's rays are falling vertically.

Daylight saving a new variety of economy for wage slaves. It is the only thing they can save.

They tell us that Socialism is impracticable, but the European governments are taking notable steps in the direction of annihilating capitalism. In their desire to organize for the purpose of producing war material, they are rapidly converting the State into a vast machine which operates regardless of the claims of the individual capitalist. The plute dailies have latterly published a striking account of the organisation of Germany under Hindenburg's dictatorship. This autocrat is credited with having expressed his belief in the scriptural saying so often quoted by Socialists. "He that does not work neither shall he eat," and being determined that even the millionaire must take his coat off. So complete has the mastery of the State over industry become that no German newspaper is now permitted to publish any advertisement from an employer calling for labor of any kind. Every job in the country is under government control. Arrangement for wholesale cooking and common eating rooms are also to be made. What about the breaking up of the home?

"Poles vote No!" is a triumphant heading in the "Sun" announcing the fact that the Polish people refuse to become conscripts for Germany. The defeat of conscription is to be rejoiced at, of course—in Poland.

When the landlord elevates your rent, when the wholesalers and retailers raise the prices of necessary goods, they have gone on STRIKE. They refuse to supply commodities at the usual rate. They don't arbitrate, and yet THEIR strike is quite LEGAL. But if Wage Stiff, Esq., decides to raise the price of HIS commodity, his labor-power, so as to be able to purchase the necessary goods at the higher rate—ah! that's different! Wage Stiff's strike for increased wages is ILLEGAL, and he, forsooth, is a menace to public safety.



FRANKENSTEIN.

Frankenstein was a student who created a soulless monster out of the anatomical fragments collected from graveyards and dissecting rooms. The creature was powerful for evil, and became the instrument of terrible retribution on the student,

Civilization is beginning to tremble and gasp with horror in the clutches of the monster, which it has brought into being.

The Morgan banking interests practically control the money market of the United States. It is they who float the Allies' war loans. Relative to Germany's peace terms, the Sydney "Sun" says: "The indifference in Morgan circles was interpreted to mean that the American financial representatives of the Allies would not consider the possibility of peace, believing Lloyd George was determined resolutely to pursue the war."

Well the American financial interests ought to know. Perhaps THEY might not want peace just yet.

Under the heading "An Australian Junker," the "Sun" reports that a returned military officer was seen "to place a coin in the hand of a blind man, a practical demonstration, if any were needed, that the effect of war on the true Australian mind enlarges sympathy with suffering, rather than the contrary, so often emphasised by opponents of the demoralising effects of militarism" and its possible development of an Australian Junker-dom."

God! Give me air!

Quite a number of people lately have taken a fancy to walking over the edge of the precipitous cliffs which frown upon the surf-beaten rocks by Sydney's harbor entrance. The capitalist press, indeed, is becoming quite concerned about it. They do commence to take an interest in the slaves when they start hurling themselves over a three-hundred foot cliff, but what beautiful social conditions must exist when men and women will face a leap like that in order to find rest. We thought all the "heroes" and people of iron nerve were at the front.

When you are out of a job, it is a crime to live as that is vagrancy, it is a crime to die as that is suicide, but to steal is the worst crime of all.

The master class owns the machinery of lying as well as the machinery of production. Some of the daily papers are

supplied with most elaborate machines for disseminating falsehood.

The good kind master does not like to see the slaves losing working time. Of course, they can waste as much time as they like hunting around after jobs.

It is rumored that many of the returned soldiers are not fired with great enthusiasm for the ideals of capitalist society.

The failure of so-called "arbitration" in New South Wales having been thoroughly demonstrated, the following extract from a pamphlet entitled "Labor Leg-ironed," written by H. E. Holland in 1912, is interesting:

"The militant Socialists fought the idea of arbitration from the outset. The first newspaper attack was written by 'Dandelion.' 'The workers and the robbers have nothing to arbitrate about,' he wrote. 'Labor being the creator of all wealth, should own all wealth, and since labor power is the sole commodity possessed by the working class, only the working class should fix the selling price of that commodity.'"

Why are some Socialists so spasmodic in their support of Socialism? They are full of enthusiasm and energy when the country is passing through an exciting crisis like the late anti-conscription campaign, but when things subside a little and life once more takes on the appearance of the common old monotony they lose heart or energy or something. There are enough Socialists in this community to make a really formidable fighting force if they would take the trouble to get together; and the capitalist press itself bears testimony that the few who carry on the real work have made no small impression. It is time that we organised for more sustained efforts. Let each comrade choose the task in the movement most suited to him and do it with a will.

Some men are born thieves, some achieve thievery, while most of the criminals have capitalism thrust upon them.

STOLEN GOODS.

Socialists say that until all are free from the fear of want that none will be free from the dread. You have plenty right now, but if you see persons in distress you will fear that some day you too will be in that condition. Socialism will bring peace and prosperity to all. When every willing worker has more than enough, then no one will wear out precious nerve energy worrying about the hard times to come. Hard times and Socialism are opposites.

The richest nation in the world, you say. Bosh! What good does riches do the masses when they belong to the dispossessed? Billions of wealth in a land crowded with millions of men and women near distress is an ignoble contradiction.

If all the wage workers should begin receiving 5 dollars a day to-morrow at end of thirty days they would be no better off than they are now. The capitalists would simply advance the cost of living. You must hit the rotten capitalist system.

If all the workers understood how they are robbed capitalism wouldn't last a day, and no power on earth could stop the onward march of Socialism.

The brass-minded masses enjoy the spectacle of their exploiters living in ease while they themselves suffer for the actual necessities of existence.

We have been taught that revolutions are not made—they come. The case due in Europe and it bids fair to be no Sunday School affair.

The crime of capitalism is a menace to society than all the crimes in all the prisons, or out of them.

Capitalism is based on production with exploitation. Socialism is based on production with justice to the producers.

We don't believe that men were born merely to work. Each human has a right to life and happiness.

If you want better laws you don't want to waste any time expecting your enemies to write them.

National patriotism must resolve itself into world patriotism before we can have world-wide peace.

Those who live in poverty must like it because most of them voted for it.

Great is capitalism. It operates with the consent of the exploited wage slaves!

Many get more than they need, while most people need more than they get.

Collective ownership of the industries must come, or humanity will go.

There can be no real happiness so long as the world belongs to the few.

Capitalism can't stop exploiting labor, without first destroying itself.

Why punish criminals and bolster up the system that breeds them?

We don't want to live to work, nor do endless work in order to live.

Too little leisure is as dangerous as extreme idleness.

Work should be a means to an end, not an end in itself.

Capitalism—which is scientific exploitation—makes for war—which is scientific murder.

The haunting phantoms of a common wage plug—Unemployment and War.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Australia, 4/- per year; 1/- per quarter. Postage added to other countries.

ORDERS FOR PAPERS to be sent to the Press Committee, 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney.

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All articles and matter for publication must be addressed to the "Press Committee," and accompanied by the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication).

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The Class War.

The working class exists to-day under the capitalist system of production for profit in a state of economic slavery, semi-starvation, and partial employment. It is this same class that, by their lack of class education and organisation, perpetuate a system that allows the employing class to rob it industrially, fool it politically and despise it socially.

But despite the class ignorance of our class, a class war is being waged by the employing and working class.

The intensity of the class struggle is determined by economic conditions. The employing class being class-conscious, while the working class are only being forced to realise their class interests by the evolution of industry.

Out of this irrational system of production and distribution for profit, two distinct antagonisms are bred. The class struggle and the commercial struggle (competition for markets) are the two main antagonisms that cause all other antagonisms.

The class struggle takes place primarily and severest at the point of production, while the commercial rivalry exists mainly at the point of distribution.

The class antagonism results from the buying and selling of labour power, where as the commercial antagonism is the result of the competition for markets to dispose of the commodities that labor has produced.

The law of supply and demand governs the intensity of the competition between the buyers and sellers of commodities. If an over supply of commodities are placed on the market, the buyers have the advantage of the fierce competition that takes place between the sellers of commodities.

In the competition of the capitalist class, to dispose of the stolen products of labor, it becomes an economic necessity to TAKE AND HOLD markets in countries most suitable for the consumption of certain commodities.

To capture markets it is necessary for the strongest capitalists to drive their competitors to the wall by underselling them. Of course, in their struggle to dominate the markets by underselling their competitors, the capitalists are forced to introduce labor-saving machines, and so speed up labor, so that the commodities can be produced cheaper than previously.

Although cheap labor is the primary factor in capturing markets, it does not follow that cheap labor can hold a market. There is a point that it becomes necessary to use MIGHT to uphold a particular capitalists' dominance of a market.

It follows then that the war in Europe is the reflex of the economic conditions prevailing in the belligerent countries, and that, besides the actual might being used to protect the various nations' economic interests, it is being used to organize labor and capital, so that the capitalist class will be in a position to continue the economic fight in a more powerful manner after the cessation of military hostilities.

Now, labor power being a commodity, it follows that the labor market is also governed by the law of supply and demand. If the supply of labor be in excess of the demand, the competition between the sellers becomes keen, and prices fall.

Labour, when the supply is in excess of the demand, like all other perishable commodities, must exchange at a lower price or will immediately begin to deteriorate and so lose its value.

We find that in countries that are slow in developing State capitalism, but are

Science and Superstition.

Organised Savagery.

(Written by J. S. Clarke for the "Edinburgh Socialist.")

"There is fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins."

—Christian Hymn.

"Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

—Christian Hymn.

"Wash me in the blood of the lamb."

—Christian Hymn.

Modern organised superstition, as its hymns denote, is a particularly bloody affair. That is why it appeals only to the uncultured or ancestral type of mind. It is reduced to simplicity, a form of atavism. Its fetish is a book—"Holy Bible"—and its votaries simply slumbering savages—intimidated and disciplined by the one power greater than their belief—economic conditions. I say greater power, because that it is such, is obvious. The twentieth century barbarian is driven by his superstitious belief to devote one day to flattery of, and supplication to, his God, but driven by the iron law of economics to devote six days to his personal advancement. Just as one may see in Africa the benighted savage kiss, enjoin and revere a mere wooden fetish, so may one observe an exactly similar series of operations in "civilised Britain." Perhaps the most pitiable, yet one of the most prevalent, sights of to-day is to watch an otherwise sane person close his eyes (a relic of "Sun worship") and press his lips to a book—an ordinary paper book printed on an electrically driven machine—in our courts of "Justice." Fetishism, par excellence.

There is no substantial difference between the Zulu who kow tows before a painted stick and the modern "business man" who kow tows before a wooden saint, crucifix or altar. Both cases are examples of early ignorance and credulity. The fetish book, an ordinary common or garden "Bible," makes fascinating reading, only if read in the light of scientific anthropological research. Therein do we find reference to every form of superstitious worship mentioned in this essay. In the Garden of Eden story we find clear evidence of the ancient belief in tree worship—the trees of "knowledge of good and evil" and "life." The serpent adorning Eve, the serpent worship of Moses in the wilderness, the "golden calf" of Aaron, the conjuring tricks with frogs and lice, and the transfiguration of Jesus into "the lamb of God" are all brilliantly obvious examples of Animism and Totemism. Of the mythical creatures of antiquity we find mention in the Bible of Satyrs, Centaurs, Cockatrices, Dragons.

in a high stage of development, that is is the tendency of the political State to interfere with the process of the market by fixing prices irrespective of the law of supply and demand.

We know that in Australia the price-fixing of commodities does not force the capitalist class to sell their stolen goods at a lower price than they desire. But, the State, although not interfering seriously with markets that capital desires, can seriously interfere with the labor market in Australia.

The New-National-Conscription Government is said to favor Governmental economy. But although Government economy is desired by the conscriptionists, they say that the public works now commenced would be completed only—they cannot find anyone patriotic enough to lend them money.

Whatever the Government favors is dictated by the needs of the capitalist class, who own the jobs of the working class.

The conscriptionist Government being in possession of the political State, and representing the capitalist class, are endeavoring to bring about an artificial over supply of labor on the market. Some say that the reason of the wholesale sacking is to lower our standard, here in Australia, while others say it is to encourage "voluntary" recruiting.

This system of production for profit that allows individuals to destroy tons of fruit, thousands of bags of wheat, and refuses to allow thousands of men to obtain work is a rotten system that Socialism and Socialism alone, will abolish.

G. de P.

Unicorns; besides marvellously weird "hares that chew the cud"; "fowls that creep on all fours"; "creeping things with legs above their feet"; Baalam's Esperanto speaking donkey; a whale that accommodated a man in his belly; a devil with cloven hoofs and bull's horns; a man with woolly hair, brass feet and fiery eyes; a lamb with seven horns and seven eyes; locusts with horses' bodies, men's faces, women's hair, lion's teeth, scorpion tails, iron breasts, and golden crowns. No wonder Heine spoke ironically of "the menagerie of the Apocalypse."

Primitive cannibalism is practised in most churches to-day, only wafers and wine are substituted for flesh and blood—they mean the same. "Thou shalt eat my flesh and drink my blood." Anthropomorphism is stamped upon almost every page of the Bible. It is tolerably certain that Jehovah was merely the stone fetish of the early Jews. He was carried before the army in a box (the ark of the Lord), and when captured by the Philistines, Dagon, another stone god, fell down and broke in pieces. They played instruments before it and danced their worship dances to it. The creation of man out of clay; the mockery of Isaiah "among thy lot are the smooth stones of the valley", the cairn of stones which Jacob erected at Mizpah; the stone he anointed after sleeping thereon; Joshua's twelve stones at Gilgal; and Lot's wife transformed, like Niobe, into a pillar of sodium chloride, are pregnant with evidence of primitive stone worship.

Is it not appalling to reflect that in the century of radium, electricity, submarines and aeroplanes, there are millions of people who regard this antiquated rubbish as sacred truth?

One of the profoundest truths ever uttered by man was spoken by Winwood Reade when he said, "We have all got rid of our tailed bodies but not our tailed minds." Is not that true?

And what, you may ask, is the cause of this disparity? It is because the material or economic conditions of life outgrow with enormous rapidity the mental conditions, which they themselves mould in each successive generation; and that those beings who grasp the exigencies of the situation with all its advantages, are interested in withholding mental enlightenment from the masses.

No better illustration of this can be given than the everyday life of those nomadic people who, it is often alleged, "control the money bags of the world."

SURPLUS VALUE.

According to Karl Marx.

(By H. Scott Bennett.)

In the first place in order to understand how labor is exploited under the capitalist regime we must remember that the one commodity, labor power, that is possessed by the worker is as such a commodity as any other that can be named. It is therefore subject to the same laws as govern all other commodities. Now, the value of a commodity is determined by the amount of socially necessary labor that is embodied in it that in the last analysis determines its value. So the value of the commodity labor power is determined by all the socially necessary labor that the worker requires for the production of his power to labor. This labor power the worker sells to the capitalist, and receives in return wages—the commodity value. But this expressed in wages is only a part of the value that the labor power creates when in operation! for instance, in two, three, or four hours, as the case may be, the worker produces the equivalent of the value of his labour power. But he does not then cease work. Not at all. He goes on working for eight or ten hours, as the case may be, producing a value in which he does not participate. Let us suppose that a worker created the value—the commodity value—of his labor power in three hours and then ceased work. He has created value equal to that which he is to receive in the form of wages, and master and man would be

REMINISCENCES OF A RED RAGGER.

With my early life there is no need to deal, save to mention that I was brought up in "respectable" bourgeois surroundings, and like most of the youth of the bourgeoisie, I was sent to college to be "educated."

The result was, of course, inevitable. I left college cram full of "learning," and with inflated ideas of my own ability and importance, but entirely ignorant of things that really count in life.

I went through the school of "religion" and as a result of studying the Bible, I became a Rationalist.

Then I began to take an interest in political matters. Brought up a protectionist, I quickly went through the stages of free-trade and single tax.

At the age of 23 I came into contact with the Socialist movement, and soon became a red ragger, and it was only then that I became aware how truly ignorant I was.

Having plenty of leisure time (being then a cockroach capitalist), I set to work to study Socialism and science, and to try to unlearn many of the foolish things I had learnt at school.

I married, and soon after this came the blow. I tried to expand in business, but like most cockroach capitalists who attempt this, I came a cropper.

I was compelled to seek a master, and I hurt, and further, I have never yet got over my sensitiveness on that point. It hurts to this day.

Having organised a strike, I was black-listed, and was compelled to leave home to seek a new master.

I was in turn, an engineer, a painter, laborer, and a wheeler in a pit. When working at this last occupation, I met with an injury which has incapacitated me for life, so far as laborious work goes.

During all this time, my wife and I struggled valiantly to make both ends meet, but my reputation as a red ragger followed me, and I was frequently dismissed, while less capable, but more subservient and servile slaves were kept on.

The end came at last, I was ill, and could no longer support a home, so my wife and I were compelled to part. And yet we hear our opponents say that Socialism will break up the home. Capitalism is doing it every day. It broke up mine, and ruined my happiness for ever. As a result, I became more bitter, more of a rebel than ever.

I migrated to Queensland, and was there imprisoned for fighting for freedom of speech. This only made me more rebellious, and since that day I have fought strenuously against the rotten system which has hounded me down, starved me and my wife, imprisoned me, and ruined my health.

In the old days, when I spoke from the same platform as Scott Bennet and Harry Holland, I was a mere sentimental Socialist, but to-day I am a rebel, and hope to continue so to the end of my days. I have seen many changes in the Socialist movement.

I remember the days when the S.F. of A. was flourishing, when it was composed of Socialists, Anarchists, Laborites (in all except membership of P.L.L.'s), and many other freaks.

Since then, the A.S.P. has grown up out of the S.F. of A., and has developed along sound lines, until to-day it is indeed a revolutionary working class organisation.

I have seen far abler men than myself come and go in the movement—Scott Bennet, Holland, Price, Considine and others, but I have plodded steadily onward, always fighting, fighting, until now I am impoverished financially, broken down in health, but determined to carry on the fight to a finish, which can only come either with my death or the ushering in of the Revolution.

To those who may feel downhearted, I say, keep on fighting. I have seen ups and downs in the movement.

At times I have almost despaired, at others I have rejoiced at the progress made. I have seen the workers put up magnificent fights and show such solidarity that I feel that our work as revolutionaries has not been all in vain.

I see the Socialist ideal, the co-operative commonwealth approaching nearer and nearer, when the question of questions, man's right to live, will be settled. In the words of Ella Wheeler Wilcox:—

"O! man bowed down with labor,
O! woman young yet old,
O! heart oppressed in the toiler's breast
And crushed by the power of Gold,
Keep on with the weary battle
Against triumphant might;
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right."

A.J.

quits! But he does not cease work. He must continue working for, say, an additional five hours, although he is but paid for three, and this difference, the difference between what he receives for his commodity and that which he actually produced constitutes surplus value, the source from which the "buddle" of the capitalist class and their hang-ons is drawn.

The Riddle of the 'SPHYNX.'

We have received by post a missive, or, shall we say, a "missile," from one *Δ. as Sphynx, Medicine Man and Pope of the Anarchist Church in Sydney.*

Pope Xarus protests very strongly against publishing an article by F. Auherland under the heading of "Direct Anarchy," and says that it contained the following objectionable paragraphs: (1) An insinuation that members of the I.W.W. were believers in Anarchy, and that "Direct Action" was synonymous with Anarchy; (2) A declaration of the worthlessness of Anarchist tactics, meaning I.W.W. ones; (3) A direct affirmation that the "Direct Actionists" would rather destroy property than propagate Socialism; (4) A statement that Anarchism was practically a doctrine reflecting an intellectual chaos.

We are always open to criticism, and would gladly publish the full text of the Papal fulmination, but Pope Xarus cannot state his case without becoming abusive and calling nasty names. He says we have "Jesuitically misrepresented" and that we are too lazy to try and understand certain individuals and ideas. Of course, Pope Xarus, having been brought up among lazy and ignorant people, is prone to place all others on the same level; but suppose we offered, as a complete refutation of the Gospel of Anarchy, the statement that Anarchists do not comb their hair or wash their feet!

The mere fact of a repudiation by the Boss Medicine Man does not disprove that the I.W.W. are Anarchists. On the contrary, the I.W.W.'s are men with the courage of their convictions, who, instead of founding little Bethells with weird-sounding foreign titles calculated to repel the common wage plug of this country, have come boldly out into the market place and preached to the people. We are strongly inclined to suspect that no such person as Xarus Sphynx exists at all, and that his assumed title, derived from distinctions created by the abhorred class state, is a mere figment of the imagination of a worshipping of Authority and a common "abrupti."

Trundling a grand war-whoop down the avenues of verbiage, the great Medicine Man concludes as follows: "We have the intention not to let this matter rest there."

Go to, Xarus! "We have the mind" to tell thee to go to blazes.

THE MONEY-LENDERS SOLILOQUY.

I'm a patriotic fellow,
And you'll always hear me bellow
For my country, where I live in great content.
When the Government is spending
You will always find me lending
Money to them, interest at five per cent.

I can heap abuse on shirkers
From the battle (if they're workers),
For conscription all my aid I freely lent.
Tho' I'm over the age limit,
Yet my ardour you can't dim it,
For I'll lend my money, interest five per cent.

Now I go to church on Sunday,
There to pray for strength on Monday,
To enable me to gather in my rent.
But yet I am philanthropic,
And my all-absorbing topic
Is the war loan interest at five per cent.

I love my country dearly,
And the interest which yearly
Will accrue to me. And I am still intent
To keep scheming and contriving
How, by my employees driving,
I can still increase my divvies five per cent.

But I hate the agitator
(I had rather a dictator,
Or a politician to my wishes bent),
For he sets the workers thinking
When they ought to keep on blinking
At my game of stealing interest five per cent.

I'm a patriotic fellow,
And you'll always hear me bellow
For the workers to the battle to be sent,
While I stay and draw the profit
(With the income tax kept off it),
And I'll live on interest at five per cent.

JINGLER.

Horace Greeley advised the young men of his day to go west and grow up with the country. In Greeley's day this was good advice, but to-day it makes but little difference whether the young man goes east, west, north or south; wherever he goes he finds capitalism has gobbled about everything in sight. If Horace lived to-day, he would probably revise his famous slogan to "go to the polls, young man, and vote to own your own job."

The Proletariat And The Slummary.

"Stop Thief."

(An Incident of the Revolution of 1848, by Eugene Sue.)

Suddenly the cry: "Stop thief! Stop thief!" resounded in the middle of the road, and a man who was running away as fast as his legs could carry him was seized by four or five working men in blouses and armed with guns. Among these a rag-picker, with a long white beard, but still strong, was conspicuous. His clothes were in tatters, and although he carried a musket under his arm he did not remove his pack from his shoulder. He was one of the first to seize the runaway, and now held him firmly by the collar, while a woman, running toward the group and panting for breath, cried:

"Stop thief! Stop thief!"

"Did this fellow rob you, my good woman?" asked the rag-picker.

"Yes, my good man," she answered, "I was standing at my door. This man ran up and said to me: 'The people are rising; we must have arms.' Monsieur, I haven't any," I answered him. Thereupon he pushed me aside and went into my shop, and despite all I could do, saying:

"Well, if you have no arms, I shall take money to buy some." So saying, he opened my till, took out thirty-two francs that I had there, and a gold watch. I tried to hold him, but he drew a knife upon me—fortunately I parried the blow with my hand—here, see the cut I got. I cried for help and he fled."

The culprit was a good-sized, robust and well-clad man, but of ignoble countenance. Hardened vice had left its indelible impress upon his wasted features. "It is not true! I stole nothing," he cried in a husky voice, struggling to avoid being searched. "Let me go! What does it concern you, anyhow?"

"That may concern us considerably, my young fellow," answered the rag-picker, holding him firmly by the collar. "You stabbed this poor woman after robbing her of her money and a watch in the name of the people. Keep still! This demands an explanation."

"Here is the watch for one thing," said a workman after searching the thief. "Can you identify it, madam?"

"I should think so, monsieur! It is old and heavy."

"Correct," replied the workman. "Here it is, madam."

"And in his vest," said another workman after searching another of the thief's pockets, "are six hundred sou pieces and one forty sou piece."

"My thirty-two francs!" cried the tradeswoman. Thank you, my dear men, thank you."

"That part being settled, my young fellow, you must now settle scores with us," proceeded the rag-picker. You stole and meant to commit murder in the name of the people, did you not? Answer!"

"What is all this pother about, my friends; are we engaged in a revolution or are we not?" answered the thief in a hoarse voice and affecting a cynical laugh. "Well, then, let us break into the money boxes!"

"Is that what you understand by a revolution?" asked the rag-picker. "To break into the money boxes?"

"Well!"

"Accordingly, you believe the people rise in revolt for the purpose of stealing, brigand that you are!"

"What other purpose have you, then, in insurrecting, you pack of hypocrites? Is it perhaps for honor's sake?" replied the thief brazenly.

The group of armed men, the rag-picker excepted who stood around the thief, consulted for a moment in a low voice. One of them noticing the door of a grocery store standing ajar, went thither; two others went in another direction, saying:

"I think we would better tell Monsieur Lebrun of this affair, and ask his opinion."

Still a fourth whispered a few words in the ear of the rag-picker, who answered:

"I think so, too. It would be no more than he deserves. It may be a whole-some example. But while we wait send Flameche to help me mount guard over this bad Parisian."

"Halloa, Flameche!" called a voice. "Come and help father Brilri hold a thief."

Flameche ran to the rag-picker. He was a true Parisian gamine. Wan, frail, wasted away by want, the lad, who was gifted with an intelligent and bold face, was sixteen years of age, but looked only twelve. He wore a dilapidated pair of trousers, and old shoes to match, and a blue sack coat that hung in shreds from his shoulders, for a weapon he carried a saddle-pistol. Flameche arrived jumping and leaping.

"Flameche," said the rag-picker, "is your pistol loaded?"

"Yes, father Brilri. It is loaded with two marbles, three nails, and a knuckle-bone. I rammed all my toggery into it."

"But will do to settle the gentleman if he judges. Listen, my friend Flameche—finger on trigger, and barred in vest."

"Is done, father Brilri."

With these words Flameche neatly inserted the muzzle of his pistol between the shirt and the skin of the thief. Seeing that the latter tried to resist, Flameche added:

"Don't fidget; don't fidget; if you do you may cause Azor to go off."

"Flameche means his dog of a pistol."

"Frauds that you are!" cried the thief, carefully abstaining from moving, but beginning to tremble, although he made an effort to smile. "What do you propose to do? Come, now, be done with your fooling! I have had enough of it."

"Wait a minute!" interjected the rag-picker. "Let us converse a spell. You asked me why we are in insurrection. I shall satisfy your curiosity. First of all, it is not to break into money boxes and loot shops. Mercy! A shop is to a merchant what a sack is to me. Each to his trade and tools. We are in insurrection, my young fellow, because it annoys us to see old folks like myself die of hunger on the streets like a stray dog when our strength for work is no more. We are in insurrection, my young fellow, because it is a fine thing to see thousands of ragamuffins like Flameche, children of the Paris pavements, without hearth or home, father or mother, abandoned to the mercy of the devil, and exposed to become, some day or other, out of lack for a crust of bread, thieves and assassins, like yourself, my young fellow!"

"You need not fear, father Brilri," put in Flameche; "you need not fear—I shall never need to steal. I help you and other traders in old duds to pack your sacks and dispose of your pickings. I treat myself to the best the dogs have left over. I make my burrow in your bundle of old clothes, and sleep there like a dormouse. No fear, I tell you, father Brilri, I need not steal. As to me, when I insurrect, by the honour of my name! it is because it finally rasps on me not to be allowed to angle for red fish in the large pond of the Tuileries—and I have made up my mind, in case we come out victors, to fish myself to death. Each one after his own fancy. Long live the Reform! Down with Louis Philippe!"

And, turning to the thief, who, seeing the five or six armed working men coming back, made an effort to slip away.

"Do not budge, mister! Or, if you do, I shall let Azor loose upon you." Saying which he tightened his finger again on the trigger of the pistol.

"But what is it you have in mind to do with me?" cried the thief, turning pale at the sight of three of the working men who were getting their guns ready, while another, coming out of the grocery he had just stepped into, brought with him a poster made of brown paper on which some lettering had been freshly traced with a brush dipped in blacking.

A dismal presentiment assailed the thief. He struggled to disengage himself and cried out:

"If you charge me with theft—take me before the magistrate."

"Cannot be done. The magistrate is just engaged marrying his daughter," exclaimed father Brilri calmly. "He is now at the wedding."

"Besides, he has the toothache," added Flameche, "he is at the dentist's."

"Take the thief to the lamp post," said a voice.

"I tell you that I demand to be taken to the magistrate!" repeated the wretch, struggling violently to free himself, and he began to shout:

"Help! Help!"

POLITICAL PARS.

Jokook and Billew's have had a squabble. Joke reckons it isn't fair for little Billew to have all the nice trips to Hold England. Besides, Joke considers that he would look better in knee breeches than Napoleon the microscopic. So the bride Josephine, and bridegroom Billew are suing for a divorce from one another.

Is the prophecy coming true that "Billew will be dragged screaming from the tart shop?"

When the Hard Labor Party gained its first majority in the Fed-Gas House, Billew danced about the Trades Hall crying, "We're in, we're in." Now he is in—the soup.

Charles Gregory L. I. Wade was too ill to remain in politics, but not too ill to take on the job as Agent-General. L. I. has the knack of getting "ill" at convenient times. For instance, when the miners wanted to interview him in 1909. Ahem! By the way, what does L. I. stand for? (Can anyone guess? If not, ask Peter Bowling.)

Cahill, not King Cahill, of Brisbane, but Cahill of the Graft Unions, is squealing about the "red ragers" in the P.L.L. Funny thing, the only objection we have to the P.L.L. is that there are no "red ragers" in it.

Joke Cook ought really to learn something about the Independent Labor Party of Great Britain. He says "they" (the I.L.P.) see nothing inconsistent in joining with all other parties in the Government of the country during the war.

The I.L.P. would feel pleased at this, after the splendid light it has put up against conscription and militarism, that is, if Joke were worth noticing.

Our prophecy of a "Yappy New Year" is being fulfilled already. Joke and Billy are at it. If they keep at it we may learn something interesting. When rogues fall out, etc.

A Sydney suburban alkie was fined £202 for being personally interested in a contract for blue metal, and sabotaging a comet. We wonder what would have happened if he had been a member of the I.W.W.

Our aldermen and politicians are like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. Eh! What!

The Federal elections take place in April. This seems a fitting month for the workers to make April fools of themselves and vote for the Boss.

When the workers get sense there will be no Hughes and Cooks to kid to them. Such men will have to do some useful work then. A fearful calamity!

"If you can read, read this," said one of the working men, holding up the poster before the thief. "If you cannot read, I shall read it for you."

"SHOT AS A THIEF."

"Shot!" stammered the fellow, growing livid. "Shot? Mercy! Help! Assassins! Murder! Watchmen, murder!"

"An example must be set for the likes of you, in order that they may not dishonor the Revolution!" explained father Brilri.

"Now, down on your knees, you scoundrel!" ordered a blacksmith, who still had his leather apron on. "And all of you, my friends, get your guns ready! Down on your knees!" he repeated to the thief, throwing him down to the ground.

The wretch sank upon his knees in a state of utter collapse and terror that, crouching upon the pavement, he could only extend his hands and mutter in an almost inaudible voice:

"Oh, mercy! Not death!"

"You fear death! Wait, I shall bandage your eyes," said the rag-picker.

And letting down his sack from his shoulders, father Brilri took a large piece of cloth out of it and threw it over the condemned man, who, on his knees and gathered into a lump, was almost wholly covered therewith. Soon as it was done, the rag-picker stepped back quickly.

Three shots were fired at once. Popular Justice was done.

A few minutes later, fastened under his arms to the lamp post, the corpse of the bandit swung to the night breeze, with the poster attached to his clothes—

"SHOT AS A THIEF."

(From "The Galley Slave's Ring," the nineteenth and closing story of Eugene Sue's famous series of historic novels, published under the collective title of the "History of the Proletarian Family Across the Ages," by the New York Labor News Company, and translated by Daniel De Leon.)

THE Australasian Socialist Party.



AUBURN BRANCH.

The above branch meets every Monday night at Comrade Jenkin's residence, Kurrah Road, Auburn.

Those who desire to join the branch and help in forwarding the Socialist cause should hand in their names to the branch secretary.

NEWTOWN.

Branch Room, 41 Enmore Road, Newtown.

Propaganda Meetings held at Newtown Bridge every Saturday and Sunday Evenings.

Day School, 100 Pitt Street, Sydney.

SOCIALIST HALL

100 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

Sunday Evening Lectures.

SUNDAY January 21st.

Speaker - Com. T. Lorenz.

Subject - Socialism in Europe.

AN APPEAL.

Comrades,—For some time past the task of publishing the "International Socialist" has been a difficult one.

An important reorganisation has taken place in the management, and the Press Committee which is representative of all branches of the Australasian Socialist Party now appeals to your generosity. We are clear of all liabilities, but in order to establish a fund for the purpose of placing the press in a thoroughly secure position and re-fitting the office we want to raise the sum of One Hundred Pounds (£100).

Donations will be acknowledged in each issue, and a year's subscription will be given to every helper raising the sum of £2.

Comrades, we appeal to YOU.

THE PRESS COMMITTEE.

POLITICAL CATECHISM.

What is politics?
A dirty scramble for office.
What is office?
A position with little work and big pay.
What is money?
A tool of oppression.
What is law?
An unequal distribution of injustice.
What is a trust?
A legalized bank of robbers.
What is a bank?
A corporation that lives on the interest of what it owes.
What is poverty?
Hell on earth.
What is riches?
Accumulated plunder.
What is society?
Good clothes, a full pocket and an empty head.
What is civilization?
An agreement among the rich and strong to rob the poor and weak by legislation, instead of by physical force.
What is a crank?
A man with a new idea.
What is a politician?
A man who has the office itch.
What is a patriot?
A man who believes that dying for his country is an easier job than trying to live in it.

—The Fool Killer, Boomer, North Carolina, U.S.A.

Printed and published by William Robert Winspear, at 115 Goulburn-street, Sydney, for the Sydney Branch of the Australasian Socialist Party.

A. S. P. NEWS AND NOTES. SYDNEY BRANCH.

Some of the members have revived the week-night meetings in Park-street, and a successful one was held on Saturday, 6th January, the speakers being Comrade Jenkin and Com. Jackson, of the Newtown Branch.

Owing to the intense heat, Sunday being the hottest day on record for the season, the Domain meeting was abandoned earlier than usual.

A satisfactory meeting was held in the evening at Park-street, the speakers being Coms. Reardon and Jenkin.

On Sunday night Comrade Nelson gave an interesting lecture on "Conference Dings," which was followed by the usual questions and discussion.

On Friday night the usual social was held, and though our patrons were late in their attendance, owing, I suppose, to the daylight saving absurdity, their numbers were not much diminished.

Please don't forget the fancy dress dance on Saturday, 20th January.

We want it to be a big success. Tickets, 1s. and 1s. 6d. Prizes for best lady's and gent's costumes.

It is with much regret that we have to announce the resignation of Mrs. Lorrimer from the secretaryship of this branch. A long course of overwork, culminating in the strenuous Referendum campaign, has caused a complete nervous breakdown, and our comrade has perforce retired from all active party work for an indefinite period. Although we shall feel her loss greatly from propaganda work, yet I think we are all glad to think she is taking a well-earned rest, and hope she will return to us in the future more energetic than ever.

M.R. Ann. Sec.

MELBOURNE BRANCH.

Elections for Executive and officers for the next half-year were held on Jan. 9th. Comrade N. Anderson is again Hon. Sec. Two additional members have been added to the Executive, with the intention of dividing the Branch's work better.

With the co-operation of all Branch members, much work lies ahead of the Executive. An effort is being made to hold outdoor meetings at Brunswick, and from this working-class suburb a number of new members may result. Enquiry about Socialism and how it differs from the object of the Labor Party, are both favorable signs that the slaves want to solve the problem why the Boss has a motor and his slaves have to use cheap trams.

A few live wires like Comrade E. Hanks would be of immense value in stirring up rural workers into organising for shorter hours and better conditions than obtain at present.

In a lecture at this Hall on Jan. 7th, Comrade E. Hanks gave some of his experiences as a harvest hand on a few of the big Riverina farms which are replacing those old-time selections of 320 and 640 acres, which divided up the miles of country held originally by squatters after penal servitude as an industry began to die out in Australia.

The conditions of present-day farms, notwithstanding improved machinery, as harvesters, reapers and binders, etc., are to a city worker used to short hours, deadly monotonous, depressing and destructive to any chance of mental advancement. These rural workers are not much above serfs, in that they have no ambition to be anything more than obedient wage slaves, have no class-consciousness, and learn nothing beyond what they read in the capitalist newspapers that circulate in the district.

The owners of these big farms drive their motor cars, have telephones in their houses, believe in conscription and long hours (from daylight to dark) for their wage slaves.

The latter have no idea of unity, but are submissive to their employers.

A party of young class-conscious young men could easily swamp districts and organise ignorant rural workers to demand regulated hours.

At present wages are good, but hours are long; as in cow farms, the bad conditions of which were also mentioned by the speaker.

J. M. Press Cor.

IMPORTANT.

Postal notes intended for payment at this office should not be made out in the name of any individual. All correspondence should be addressed to the Press Committee.

In future, every subscriber whose subscription to this paper expires will duly receive by post printed notice to that effect, and the practice of using red wrappers will be discontinued.

THE PRESS COMMITTEE.

The Everett Tragedy.

"The Everett Tragedy," wherein five members of the I.W.W. and two "tin-star" protectors of property lost their lives, recently, is not in itself remarkable. It does not stand alone, in a class by itself. It is but another manifestation of the antics of the bourgeois beast when property is endangered. It can be found throughout the world—and in all ages since slavery arose.

From Peterloo to Tonypandy in Britain; from the ruthless suppression of the "Babeuf Society of Equals" of the French Revolution to the stupendous crushing of the Commune of '71, in France, the sordid story extends. Instances could be cited indefinitely for all lands.

This "tragedy" has, however, a lesson for us. It again demonstrates the enormous power of the State, the master class agent of repression. It shows us that we must make this agent of repression the agent of emancipation for ourselves. And this, we realise, is the one thing that matters.

We do not sneer at the action of those unfortunates of the working class who fell. They have, at least, again brought to notice the fact that the worker is not devoid of the necessary animal courage when aroused.

At the same time we can see the need of persistent opposition to the erratic freaks who would tell us that the ruling class is helpless.

The working class at present is helpless because of its colossal ignorance. Our business is to try and remove that one big obstacle.

(From the "Western Clarion," Vancouver, Canada.)

A LESSON FROM HISTORY.

In 1864 the printers struck on the Democrat and Republic newspapers, St. Louis, U.S.A. That was in war times. Gen. Rosecrans was in command at St. Louis. He detailed a number of soldiers who were printers to take the strikers' places. The union printers sent in a report of the conditions of affairs to President Lincoln. The answer returned was as follows: "Order those soldiers back to duty in the ranks. The servants of the Federal Government shall not interfere with the legitimate demands of labour as long as I am President."

TRAMPS AND MILLIONAIRES.

There is little difference between a tramp and a millionaire. Both live off their fellow beings. The tramp gets little, while the millionaire gets a great deal, but both do so useful labor. The tramp eats a crust by the sweat of another man's brow; the millionaire enters a mansion by the sweat of a thousand toilers. The tramp and the millionaire both go South in the Winter time and return North again in the Summer time. Both ride in private cars—parlor and box. They are the extremes of capitalism. Socialism will make such creatures impossible. The millionaire will be deprived of the right to own what should properly belong to society. The tramp will be given a chance to work at decent wages—work or starve. —"Appeal to Reason."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Woodicus."—Very pleased to receive your cartoons, and will use them all if possible. Also received literary matter, and glad to note you received our suggestion favorably.

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The Swaggy Diplonats.

A Story.

(By "Woodicus.")

Swaggy Bill sat on his swag under the shade of a mulga tree puffing away at his pipe, with the thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, for Bill had a high estimation of himself. Alongside him Joe sat in a similar attitude, and, like Bill, occasionally yelled out advice or encouragement to Dave and Harry, who were having a solid go with bare fists.

They had beaten and battered one another black and blue, while rivulets and splashes of blood adorned the greater portion of their clothes and faces. All kinds of advice and instructions were tendered to them by Bill and Joe, who acted as rival councillors to the combatants.

It was a real December day, well over the hundred in the shade, turning the ground into a hot cinder, that blistered the skin by contact. In such a heat it took but little exertion to parch the tongue and wet one through and through with perspiration, but still Dave and Harry, hatless and coatless, fought on, only halting occasionally to recuperate for another attack.

The only rules in the fight were the instructions yelled out by the two rackets.

"Kick him in the shins!" "Bite the cow!" "Butt him with your head!" "Jump on his toe!" "Try and bite his ear when he comes in close." "If you'd only kneed him in the stomach I think you'd finish him!" "Put a stone in your hand, it'll make you hit harder!"

Such was the stream of advice tendered the combatants by the two "sooters-on." Any foul score by the fighters brought a cry of approval from the barrackers under the tree and made the battlers batle with more hatred and revenge.

A stranger who happened to stroll up tried to pacify the fighters into desisting from the butchery; but they took no notice, other than to threaten to punch him if he did not clear out and mind his own business. So he joined Bin and Joe, who told him how indignant they were with him for not approaching them just with the terms of settlement.

"What do you mean?" he retorted. "Joe and I have had a row, and those two are settling it for us," was the answer.

"Settling it for you; they must be mad, and you two must be cowards."

"No, we are diplomats, and of course we wouldn't fight anyhow; why should we when we can get others to do it for us?"

"The fact is," said Swaggy Bill, "me and Joe ran short of tobacco, and those two fellows had a good supply, so last night when they were asleep I stole Dave's from underneath his pillow and Bill stole Harry's, but he got a bigger piece than I got, so I thought I was entitled to some of his. Naturally Joe did not want to surrender, and neither of us believed in getting hurt. So, realising that when Dave and Harry awoke this morning they might punch us, things did not look too well for either of us until I remembered they were a bit cool to one another about Home Rule for Ireland. It appears their grandfathers fought on opposite sides at the Boyne Water, home in Ireland. So as soon as ever they were awake in the morning Joe whispers something to Dave, and I quietly told Harry how I had observed Dave fossicking underneath his pillow in the middle of the night. This got his blood up, and he rushes over to punch Dave, who was ready for him, side-stepped, and lands Harry on the jaw, yelling 'I'll learn you to thieve.' Harry replies, 'You talk about thieving, and you robbed me when I was asleep.' Then he swung one to Dave's eye to prove his argument.

"Well, that is how they started to fight. Joe and I have agreed that if Harry wins I get the extra tobacco, but if Dave beats then he retains the weed.

"Only for an accident of birth, Joe and I might have been Lloyd George, Bethmann-Holwegg, or Aristide Briand. Instead of carrying our swags then we'd be riding in our motor cars in Europe, or perhaps sitting comfortably in the Reichstag or House of Commons. And only just think then of the millions of men whom we could get to settle our argument."

"Thank God," exclaimed Lincoln, "we have a system of labor where there can be a strike!"

Abraham Lincoln, in his inaugural address, "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."